THE

ROSE BUD,

OR YOUTH'S GAZETTE.

"THE ROSE IS FAIREST WHEN 'TIS BUDDING NEW." *Scott.*

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*Cinderclaws or Santeclaws.**

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

SUSAN ECCLESTON'S fair cheek rested on her pillow, a few curls strayed from the nightcap on her brow, and her breathing was like the motion of a lily leaf, lying on smooth waters, when her mother went on tiptoe into her room, opened her stocking, and placed something within it; then casting a look of satisfied fondness on the little sleeper, she touched her cheek with the lightest of kisses, and departed with a mother's prayer of love.

Susan dreamt that something descended slowly down the chimney, covered over with a sooty blanket, from which proceeded a female voice, singing sweetly.—When it had reached the hearth, she observed four hooks, let down by cords, to the four corners of the blanket, which carefully drew it up, without scattering a flying cinder. Under this singular canopy, sat a small airy figure, in a glass Phaeton, drawn by four peacocks, surrounded by numerous glittering attendants. Though so strangely contrasted in her lovely purity, with her name, Susan felt that it was Cinderclaws. She was holding with some difficulty a large wax doll, and as she fondly caressed it, her silver voice sung, while a band, with Harmonicas, sent out its keen harmony,

"Hush thee my darling,
"The journey was drear,
"But I bring you to Susan.
"And why should you fear?

There was a momentary whispering consultation, when a little glass footman, in scarlet livery, let down the step like a flash, and taking the lead of twenty in the important mission, bore with some difficulty, and much wiping of brows, the doll to the stocking. A flourish of little trumpets announced the success of the enterprise.

Another consultation followed, and the little people, darting about like fireflies, began to display the contents of the Phaeton. Swan, fish, turkey and cat pincushions, thread-cases of all forms and colours, implements of industry, from the silver eyed needle, to the gold inlaid workbox, were successively unfolded, and among other pretty things, Susan distinguished three nice little boxes of French sugar plums, directed to three little girls. As the breath of Cinderclaws passed over them, every thing looked fresher and fairer.

Another whispering consultation took place, and Susan heard the words, "A dessert for John and Susan's dinner-party."

*A friend has suggested to us, that these names are corruptions of St Nicholas, but it suited our purposes to give him a helpmate.

Quick as thought, was arranged a small polished table, with plates for twelve. A taper, coloured with rainbow hues, suddenly shot up in the centre, beside an iced pyramid, on which was a waving flag with the inscription, "A merry Christmas, and happy new year to our young friends." Fruits of every description, from the bead-like currant of the North, to the golden shaddock of the South, were deposited in glass and silver dishes on the festive board.

"What are you placing there?" said Cinderclaws suddenly, as the waiters were busily arranging little decanters at the corners, and a tiny cordial stand at the head of the table.

"Only a little Madeira, and *Parfait amour*," answered one, with a look of alarm.

A frown rose to the ivory brow of the fairy, like a thunder cloud on the blue sky. She rose suddenly, and stamping her slender foot until the Phaeton rung again, exclaimed,

"How dare you introduce this poison into the festivities of youth! Let man (and her red lip quivered with keen disdain) let man seek the stimulants, which fire his brain, and madden his heart, but leave to the young, *temperance!* Bring here the poison," she continued, and her small voice shouted in virtuous indignation, "bring it here, and away!"

With both hands she grasped the sparkling decanters, and dashing them successively on the hearth, shivered them to fragments, while the blushing liquid flowed around.

The awe struck attendants silently replaced the repast. A low whistle sounded, the blanket slowly descended enveloping the Phaeton, and Susan heard departing voices chaunting,

"Rise, rise, bonny birds,
"'Till the dawning of day,
"We must move o'er the city,
"Mount, mount, and away.

C. G.

For my Youngest Readers.

Mama, may I go into the yard and play horse? Papa has lent me his cane, and here is a nice willow switch.

No, Robert; you have a sore throat, and you must stay in the house.

But, mama, my top is broken, and my wheelbarrow is dirty, and my books are old.

Poor Robert! What can you do? Do not fret, and you will soon think of something.

Oh, yes, mama; now I have thought of something funny! My horse, (papa's cane, you know) shall be very quiet like your carriage horses, and I will play that you are my stable, and sister Mary shall be the country. Come up Sir, Wo, Sir, Wo. Mama, you must not talk, because you are the stable, you know. Sister Mary will make a nice country, because she is so quiet. Softly, Dick, come on, sir. Now, we are riding up the avenue. How d'ye, Maum Molly? How d'ye, Daddy Cyrus? Thank you for the groundnuts and sweet potatoes. Happy new Year to you! Here is a fourpence for tobacco. Good bye.

Miss Polly Saunter.

Miss Polly is surprised, that her sister, who arranges her clothes neatly over night should get dressed before her.

She sits lolling over the breakfast table, while her sisters are preparing for school.

She calls to Peggy in the next, room to pick up her glove.

She makes her little negro carry her grammar to school behind her.

When her mother expresses a wish for any thing, instead of springing to get it,

she drawls out—"Shall I get it, ma?"

She never thinks of bringing the newspaper to her father until he asks for it.

She speaks of making a shirt as a distressing trial.

She rests her elbows on the table, and eats with both hands.

ANECDOTE.

A little girl who was just studying Geography, ran to her Mother one day, with great delight, and exclaimed Do come and see, I have been making Islands. Her Mother went with her, and found a large basson filled with water, and pieces of paper floating about. See, said she, "an island is a small portion of land, surrounded by water;" the only difference is, my islands are small portions of *Paper*, surrounded by water.

M. W. H.

ANECDOTE.

A fellow, fresh from the country, having been taken into a respectable family, as a house-servant, was told, on the first day while waiting at the table, to "*hand round the rice.*" Harry, not exactly comprehending the expression, puts his hand to the Rice Dish in a very obedient manner, and turning it about for some time on the table where it stood, tells his master, "He done han' roun' sir."

By the last news, the armies of Don Pedro & Miguel were preparing for a decisive battle.

CHARLESTON:

Saturday, January 5, 1833.

PANORAMA OF WATERLOO.

This interesting exhibition is advertised to close after this evening.

FUEL SOCIETY.

We are requested to state, that this excellent association has, in two months, relieved upward of fifty persons. It is desirable that subscriptions should increase with the demands upon it.

"DORCAS SOCIETY, FOR THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS IMPROVEMENT OF THE CHILDREN OF SEAMEN."

The Members of this Society perceive with sorrow, that unless some extraordinary efforts are made, the great object of the friends of Seamen in this city will be frustrated. The *Boarding House*, which has been sustained with so much advantage to the Moral and Religious habits of Sailors, is likely to decline under existing circumstances.—To prevent this misfortune, they have resolved to call on the citizens of Charleston, without exception, to aid them in getting up *A Fair for February next.*"

AUTHENTIC LETTERS,

BY MRS. ELIZA WILKINSON.

Written during the invasion and possession of Charleston, by the British, in 1779, and copied by herself, for a friend, in 1782.

(*Continued.*)

YONGE'S ISLAND,

[*About 30 miles from Charleston.*]

A boy on the way had informed our servant of the approach of the enemy. This created such confusion and distress among us all—I cannot describe it. A boat was immediately pushed off. My sister Yonge, my sister Smilie, and myself, were desirous of putting the evil day afar off, so we went over the river to Mr. Smilie's. Papa and mama ventured to stay at home. Melancholy were the adieus on both sides. We had got but a small distance from the house when we met another lady, who upon receiving the like information, had walked about two miles, (if not more,) to Papa's. She joined us, and away we went, often looking back with watry eyes to our Father's dwelling, thinking at the same time, that in all probability, even while we were looking, he might be suffering all the insults and cruelties, that a remorseless gang of barbarians could inflict. These thoughts drew sighs and tears from us—however we made the best of it, and endeavored to console one another the best we could—but poor was the consolation, you may think.

We had but just got over, when a scene presented itself to us, enough to move the hardest heart in the British army, could they have seen it.—This was a large boat load of women and children on their way to Charlestown, as that place promised more safety than any other. They called at Mr. Smilies, and staid a day or two. I pitied them all, greatly, (though we were much in the same situation,) one lady especially, who had seven children, and one of them but a fortnight old; thus in her weakly situation, to venture her life, and that of her babe, rather than fall in the hands of an enemy, whose steps have been marked with cruelty, and oppression. Surely, if the British knew the misery they occasion, they would abate their rigour, and blush to think that the name of Englishman, (once so famous among the Fair,) should now produce terror and dismay in every female breast. I'll now lay by my pen—Farewell.

I will proceed by and by with my narrative, for the various scenes, I've been witness to, are so much in my head, that I shall not want subjects to employ my pen for some time.—Once more adieu.

ELIZA W.

Another War.—The English nation are preparing vessels of war against the Kingdom of Holland.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CARRIERS' ADDRESS TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE ROSE BUD.

What troop is here, with busy feet,
Who come the CARRIER BOY to meet?
Here is *William*, here is *Sue*,
Here is bright eyed *Sarah* too,
Here are *Mary* and *Maria*,
Here are *Peter* and *Sophia*,
Here are *Thomas* and *Amelia*,
Here are *Charley* and *Cornelia*,
Isaac with his laughing eye,
And pleasant *Julius*, standing by.
Here is *David*, here is *Arthur*,
Here are *Rosamond*, and *Martha*,
Here is *Ben*, and here is *James*,
'Tis hard to think of all their names.
Here are *Joe* and *Henrietta*,
Here are *George* and *Violetta*,
Here are *Cath'rine*, and *Theresa*,
Christiana, and *Louisa*,
Esther, and young *Margaret*,
Emmeline, and *Harriet*,
Frederick and *Adeline*,
Justina sweet, and *Caroline*.
Here are *Nathan*, and *Eugene*,
While *Archy* comes and peeps between,
Here are *Jane* and *Theodore*,
Rosaline, and *Eleanor*,
Here are *Lucy*, and *Pamela*,
With *Alonzo* and *Cecilia*,
Here is *Henry* close to *Sam*,
You can't think how confus'd I am.
Here come *Virginia* and *Stephen*,
And *Mary Ann*, to make it even.
Here is *Charlotte*, here is *Ellen*,
Here is *Francis*, here is *Helen*,
Here's *Rebecca*, next to *Ruth*,
The children puzzle me in truth.
Here is *Clara*, after *Anna*,
And *Alexander* following *Hannah*,
Here's *Nathaniel*, come to meet me,
And *Valeria*, runs to greet me.
Now *Amanda*, trips before,
While *Dan*, and *Emma*, ope the door,
Robert, and *Ephraim*, skipping too,
And *Richard*, with his How d'ye do?
Octavius hastens, full of joy,
And *Julia*, knows the Carrier-boy.
See, *Lydia* and *Eliza* sweet,
And *Abby*, close on *Fanny's* feet.
See, *Laura*, *Moses*, *Isabel*,
Edward, and *John*, I know them well.
Eugenia, *Alwyn*, *Maurice*, too,
And *Alfred*, all of them in view.
Augustus, and *Elizabeth*,
But stop and let me draw my breath.
I hope I've not omitted any,*
You must excuse me, they're so many.

Now if the Youngest Readers spell
The carriers' verses pretty well,
I wish a handsome New Year's Toy
To every one, both girl and boy.

But, oh, the Carrier don't forget,
Who weekly comes in wind and wet.
He loves, like you, a little play,
Pray give him, then, a holiday.
Through Street, or Borough, far or near.
He wishes you a glad NEW YEAR.
January 1st, 1833.

* None but Subscribers names have been inserted.

THE UNICORN,

OR RHINOCEROS,

AND ELEPHANT.

And other rare and living Animals, are now exhibiting *opposite Mr. Lege's Long Room, in Queen-street.* Also, DANDY JACK, and CAPTAIN BILL, with their SHETLAND PONIES.

The place of Exhibition is well prepared for the reception of spectators, and every attention paid to render it orderly and amusing.

Music by experienced performers. Doors open from 10 o'clock A. M. to 4 P. M. Evening's performance from early candlelight till 8 o'clock.

Admittance 25 cts.—Children 12 1-2.

FLOWERS OF ALL HUE, a Poetic offering. Times of the Saviour, by Miss Martineau.
For sale at B. B. HUSSEY'S,
jan 5 N19 No. 261 King street.

The Subscriber has recently received an extensive assortment of Youth's and Children's CLOTH, MERINO, and SILK CAPS, of the latest fashion.
J. B. BROWN,
Dec. 27 2.— 17 Broad-street.